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## LA FAVORITA

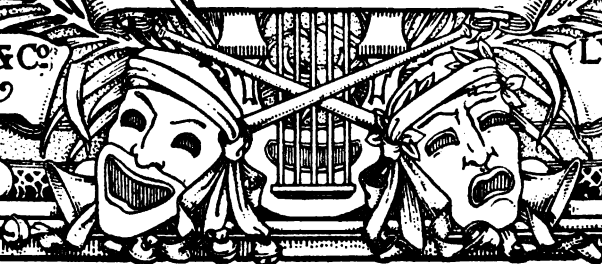
(THE FAVORITE)

BY  
DONIZETTI

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY  
BOSTON

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.  
*New York*

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## **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

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**ALPHONSO XI.** King of Castile.

**BARITONE**

**FERDINAND.** A young Novice of the Convent of St. James  
of Compostella. Afterwards an Officer.

**TENOR**

**DON GASPAR.** The King's Minister.

**TENOR**

**BALTHAZAR.** Superior of the Convent of St. James.

**BASS.**

**LEONORA DI GUSMANN.**

**SOPRANO**

**INEZ.** Her Confidante.

**SOPRANO**

**Courtiers, Guards, Monks, Attendants, &c.**

**THE ACTION IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE IN CASTILE, ABOUT THE YEAR 1340**

## ARGUMENT.

Ferdinand, a novice in the Convent of St. James di Compostella, has seen and fallen in love with Leonora, the mistress of Alfonso, King of Castile, without knowing either her name or quality. The intensity of his passion causes him to renounce his novitiate to seek out the object of his love. Balthazar, the Superior of the Convent, releases him reluctantly from his obligations, and tells him, as he turns away from the peaceful shades of the cloister, that he will return, disappointed and heart-broken. Ferdinand, however, heeds him not. He drops the sombre habiliments of the Convent, and succeeds in gaining access to Leonora, who lives in splendor upon the island of St. Leon. His love is returned by Leonora, but she is very careful not to let him learn her name and the position she holds, but rather wishing to live unblemished in his memory, she resigns the pleasure of enjoying the first pure affection which she has experienced, procures a commission in the army for Ferdinand, and bids him to fly her. Ferdinand, who sees the way to glory open before him and thinks he may yet show himself worthy of the hand of his beloved one, whom he supposes to be a lady of rank, eagerly seizes upon this, and departs full of bright hopes.

There is on the court of King Alfonso, a strong party who condemn the illicit passion of the King, so openly avowed and shown, who have stirred up the Papal throne against the King. The Pope sends a Bull to Balthazar, in which this zealous priest is authorized to pronounce the interdict on the King if the latter refuses to dismiss his favorite from the Court and restore his legitimate wife to her rights. Balthazar appears with this commission before the King. Alfonso is first inclined to refuse obedience to the papal summons; but as his followers stand aghast at the threatened interdiction, he wavers. Balthazar gives him time till the morrow, and yet withholds his anathema.

At this juncture Ferdinand appears at court, returning from the war, in which he has highly distinguished himself, in fact, by his valor, has saved the kingdom from ruin. Alfonso asks him to name the prize which he demands for his services. Ferdinand claims the hand of Leonora. The King, who immediately becomes aware that there exists a mutual feeling between these two persons, gives his assent with reluctance, as he loved her dearly, and had just now nearly risked the wrath of the Pope for her sake. Leonora, who does not wish to be taken for any better than she is,

despatches her faithful servant Ines to her lover, to inform him of her past history. But Gaspar, the minister of the King, who was but too glad to see the papal thunderbolts guarded off in this manner, kept close watch over Leonora, intercepted her messenger, and committed her to safe-keeping. This happening just before the consummation of the nuptial rites, Leonora had no means of knowing what had befallen her messenger, but suffered herself to be given away in marriage by the King to Ferdinand, believing him to know all.

When, however, Ferdinand returns from court, the assembled nobles taunt him, hint that his honor has been stained, and exasperate him to the utmost. Even Balthazar, who just now enters, recoils from his favorite pupil when he learns that he is the husband of Leonora. Now for the first time the truth is told to the bridegroom. Ferdinand believing himself to be the victim of a base conspiracy of the King and his mistress, awaits them, as they return from the Cathedral, renounces all his honors, breaks his sword, and hurling defiance at the conscience-smitten King and curses on the crest-fallen Leonora, retires with Balthazar, to return once more and forever to the cloister.

When Ferdinand has left, Leonora finds out how her honest designs have been frustrated by the artful Don Gaspar. Cast off by the King, despised by him whom she loves, she has no desire but to die. But first she must obtain Ferdinand's forgiveness. Disguising herself in the habiliments of a novice, she starts on her pilgrimage to the Convent of St. James. She arrives there during the ceremonies by which Ferdinand's entry into the order of monks is celebrated. She obtains admission on the plea of wanting clerical advice. Exhausted and heart-broken, she sinks down at the foot of a cross in the court yard. Thither repairs also Ferdinand, after the rites have been administered to him, still living with all his thoughts in the world which he has but just forsaken. He recognizes Leonora. His first impulse is to flee her, but she detains him, exonerates herself from all blame, and asks his forgiveness. After a brief struggle all his love returns; he would fly with her; but it is too late. The hand of death is upon her. She expires in his arms, blessed in the thought of his love. Frantic with grief, Ferdinand throws himself down near his adored one, and is here found by the monks, as they return from church.

# LA FAVORITA.

(THE FAVORITE.)

## ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Interno del Convento, con Galleria che conduce al Tempio.*

*Entrano vari Monaci, e in seguito BALDASSARE e FERDINANDO.*

CORO.

O santo ricetto,  
Securi il tuo petto,  
La nostra preghiera  
Leviamo al signor.  
L' ajuto divino  
Qui cerca, qui spera  
Fedel pellegrino,  
Con vivo fervor!

[I Monaci nel Tempio; ad esauzione di Baldassare e Ferdinando.

SCENA II.—BALDASSARE e FERDINANDO.

Bal. Nè con essi pregar vuoi tu?

Fer. Nol posso!

Bal. Compres' io dunque del tuo cor le pene?  
Dio più non basta a te!

Fer. D'icesto il vero!

In quest' ora solenne  
Che un voto eterno me all' altar congiunge,  
Mal mio grado uno sguardo al ben terrestri  
Getto d' amore e di dolor!

Bal. Prosegui!

Fer. All' ara che del santo  
Jacopo serra le reliquie estreme,  
Agli angeli progea prego fervente,  
Quando l' un d' essi mi apparì repente!

Bal. Parla, figliuol!

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Monastery, with Gallery leading to the Temple.*

*Enter Monks, followed by BALTHAZAR and FERDINAND.*

CHORUS.

Shrine melancholy,  
To thine altar holy,  
Far from earthly folly,  
Humbly we repair.  
Pilgrims lowly kneeling,  
Hearts devout revealing,  
Ev'ry secret feeling:  
Hear, on high, our prayer!

[The Monks enter the Temple; Balthazar and Ferdinand remain.

SCENE II.—BALTHAZAR and FERDINAND.

Bal. To join the rites, goest not thou, my son?

Fer. Father, no!

Bal. What means that troubled look? quickly this grief disclose!

Distracted are thy thoughts!

Fer. Truly thou say'st, my father.

While at yon shrine I bend, this heart, perfidious,  
turns  
To dreams of earthly bliss, fond desires, mad affections!

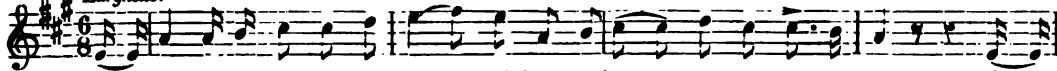
Bal. Horror!

Fer. 'Neath yon dome, in devotion lowly kneeling,  
'Mid holy pilgrims wrapp'd in solemn invocation—  
Lost, absorb'd—all my soul with radiant spirits dwelt,  
When a form, brighter still, burst at once on these eyes!

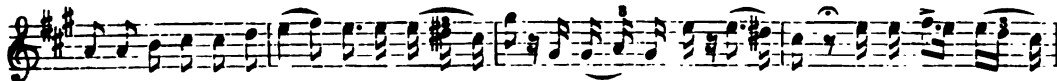
Bal. Speak! Oh, my son!

UNA VERGINE! UN ANGEL DI DIO—A VISION! A SPIRIT OF BEAUTY! SOLO. FERDINAND.

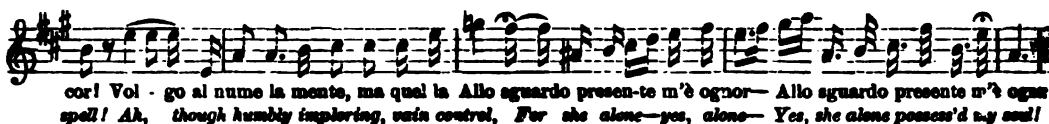
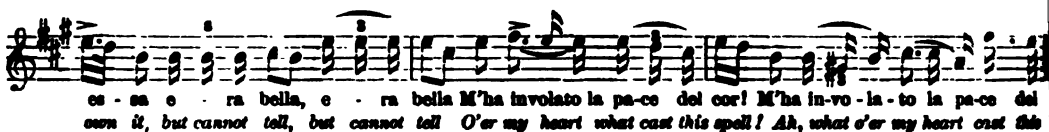
*Larghetto.*



U - na ver - gi - ne un an - gel di Di o! Presso all' a - ra pre - ga - va con me; U na  
A vi - sion! a spir - it of beau - ty! With a smile se - rene met my sight: For -



speme, un ter-ro-re un di - si - o, Sco-se all' al-ma, e di gio - ja l'em-pi - è! Ah, mio pa - dre! com'  
sat-ful, a las! of my du - ty. All trembling I 'thrill'd, all trembling I thrill'd with delight! Yes, my fa - ther! I



**Fer.** L' onda santa le porsi, e mia mano  
Di quell' angel la mano scontrò—  
Questo chiostro, per impeto insano,  
Pari a tetra prigion mi sembrò.  
A' suoi giuri quest' alma rubella,  
Un conforto ricerca al signor,  
E gemente l' imploro, ma quella  
Allo sguardo presente m' è ognor

**Bal.** E fia vero, son desto o vengeggio?  
Tu il sostegno, l' onor della fe!  
Che me spento sull' incito seggio  
Dei sederti e succedere a me—

**Fer.** Padre! Io l' amo

**Bal.** Non sai tu che all' augusta tiara  
Del regnanti lo scettro piegò?  
Che mia mano congiunge o separa?  
Che l' Iberia a mia voce tremò?

**Fer.** Padre! Io l' amo

**Bal.** Ma, rispondi, chi è deusa la bella  
Che sì facil trionfa di te?  
La sua patria, i congiunti? favella:  
Il suo nome, il suo rango qual è?

**Fer.** [Con passione.]  
Io l' ignoro, ma l' amo!

**Bal.** Vanne dunque frenetico, insano  
Lungi reca il profano tuo piè:  
Ah! del nume la vindice mano  
Non ricada tremenda su te!

**Fer.** Cura luce, soave conforto,  
Deh tu oglia propizia su me,  
Tu mi salva, tu guidami al porto,  
Tu sorreggi l' errante mio piè!

**Bal.** [Con emozione.]  
La perfidia, il tradimento,  
Te, mio figlio, assalirà:  
Fia tua vita un rio tormento,  
Il dolor con te vivrà!  
Forse, in grembo al flutto infido,  
Un sospiro udrassi un dì;  
Fia del naufrago che il lido  
Va cercando che fuggì!

**Fer.** Io parto, o padre mio, mi benedici

**Bal.** Vanne dunque frenetico, insano,  
Lungi reca il profano tuo piè:  
Ah! del nume, la vindice mano  
Non ricada tremenda su te!

**Fer.** Cara luce soave con forto  
Deh tu veglia propizia tu me,  
Tu mi salva tu guidami al porto  
Tu sorreggi ferrante mio piè.

[Ferdinando esce, e da lungi tende le braccia a Baldas-  
sare, che rivolge la faccia asciugandosi una lagrima,  
ed entra nella Cappella]

**Bal.** Oh, fearful, deadly sin!

**Fer.** In passing through the crowded cloister,  
This hand her hand was doom'd to touch—  
Then I fell! Triumph, Fiend of Malice!  
'Twas ecstasy! I own it such.

Oh, despair!

My vows broken past all restoring—

I love where I should hate;

Yet I cannot curse my fate.

Tho' fervent thus imploring—vain control!

She, she alone usurps my soul!

**Bal.** Ah, my son, my life's latest solace,  
Thine innocence rescue thee still!

Thou, thou who shouldst be my successor,

And all my solemn duties fill—

**Fer.** Ah, father! I love her!

**Bal.** Know'st thou that to the august tiara  
E'en those must bow who wield the sceptre?  
That I can join and disunite?  
That Iberia trembles at the sound of my voice?

**Fer.** Ah, father! I love her!

**Bal.** This woman, wretched one! oh, knowest thou  
Who has lur'd thee thus to shame?  
Knowest thou her, for whom thy holiest vow  
Is forfeit? Her rank—her name?

**Fer.** I know her not; but I love her!

**Bal.** Begone! begone! too profane! Fly these cloisters  
Far, far from hence!—avoid my sight,  
Ere this heart, which thou'st most offended,

**Fer.** Sear'd by thy baseness, hate thee quite!

Yes, ador'd one! this heart's dearest idol!

For thee I will break ev'ry tie!

To thee all my soul I surrender—

At thy dear feet content to die!

**Bal.** [With emotion.]

Beware! beware! Oh, hear me speak!

But despair in yon world you seek:

On the troubled ocean of life,

I tremble at thy future strife.

Lost, wreck'd, when from thee life's dreams sever

In death's waves, when e'en hope forsake,—

When repose for thee can beam never,

Die! Perdition thy soul o'ertake!

**Fer.** Forgive me! Father, I go.

**Bal.** Hence, audacious! away, in madness!

I'll not curse thee! no—depart!

If Heaven spare thee, soon, in sadness,

Thou'lt hither bring a broken heart.

**Fer.** Ah, dear idol! this heart so enchaining,

In vain thy spell I strive to break!

To thee only my truth maintaining,

My cloister I forsake!

[Ferdinand goes out, and, at a distance, stretches out  
arms towards Balthazar, who averts his head.—  
Balthazar.]

SCENA III.—Un luogo delizioso dell' Isola di Leon. *INNES*,  
e le giovani Spagnuole.

SCENE III.—A beautiful Scene in the Isle de Leon. *INNES*  
and young Maidens gathering flowers.

**BEI RAGGI LUCENTI—YE BEAMS OF GOLD. CHORUS.**

*Andantino.*

Bel rag - gi lu - cen - ti, bell' au - re be - a - te, il cie - lo smal  
Ye beams of gold, ye balmy zephyrs, ye flow'rs that bloom in yonder grove— Fair crystal tide, ye  
ta - to smal - ta - to di can - di di fior, di fior Bel rag - gi lu -  
sunny waters With pleas - ure team and glow with love! Ye beams of gold, ye  
cen ti, bell an - re be - a - te si bell' au - re, il cie - lo si si smal -  
balmy zephyrs, ye flow'rs that bloom in yon - der, yon - der grove, Fair crystal tide, ye  
ta - to smal - ta - to di can - di di fior, si, di can - di di fior.  
sun - ny wa - ters with flow'rs that bloom in yon - der, yon - der grove.

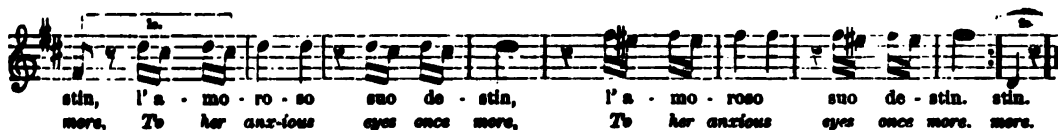
*Ines.* Un genio divino ci veglia, ci guida,  
Propizio ne affida d' un genio il favor!  
Ad lieto destino risponda il concetto,  
Ad esso l' accento fia sacro del cor.  
Di gioje ridenti fragranza qui spira,  
Ognor qui s' aggira la pace, l' amor.  
Silenzio! è puro il mar, l' Ær sereno:  
Il battello qui s' avvanza lo dirige la speranza.  
[Tutte si accostano alla Riva e guardano lungi, poi ripigliano.]

*Ines.* Oh, all ye powers that watch affection!  
Enchaining the heart with softest tie,  
Our lady's love grant sweet protection,  
And calm her ev'ry sigh!  
The wave replies! behold the bark  
Lightly o'er the billow dancing;—  
Yea, 'tis his vessel, see, advancing!  
It is his bark! Sisters, hark!  
[They advance to the River-side, and look out]

**DOLCE ZEFFIRO—LIMPID FLOOD. CHORUS.**

*Allo. Moderato.*

Dol - ce zef - fi - ro il se - con - da dol - ce zef - fi - ro il se -  
Lim - pid flood flow soft and bright - ly, Lim - pid flood flow soft and  
con - da, Lie - ve spi - ra in sul - la ve - la Lie - ve spi - ra in sul - la  
brightly, To this har - bor waft him right - ly, To this har - bor waft him  
ve - la. Fin - chè il trag - ga a ques - ta spon - da Fin - chè il trag - ga a ques - ta  
lightly, In his bark con - duct him right - ly, In his bark con - duct him  
spon - da, l' a - mo - ro - so suo de - stin, l' a - mo - ro - so suo de -  
right - ly To her anx - ious eyes once more, To her anx - ious eyes once  
stin. Fin - chè il trag - ga a ques - ta spon - da l' a - mo - ro - so suo de -  
more In his bark con - duct him right - ly To her anx - ious eyes once



Ed al giunger suo disvela,  
 Questo suolo a far più grato,  
 Il sospiro profumato  
 Degli aranci e gelsomin.

On his way soft odors shower—  
 Jasmin sweet, and orange flower:  
 Ev'ry ravish'd sense o'erpow'r—  
 Perfume breathe from shore to shore!

SCENA IV.—*Le medesime. FERDINANDO che comparece sur una baghetta circondata da alcune Donzelle, e avendo sulroccchi un velo che gli vien tolto.*

SCENE IV.—*A Boat arrives at the shore, in which is FERDINAND, with a bandage over his eyes. The Nymphs assist him to land, and remove the bandage.*

*For.* [A quella che lo ajuta a scendere dalla barca.]  
 Messaggiera gentil, niufa discreta,  
 Che ognor su queste sponde  
 Il mio venir proteggi e il mio ritorno,  
 A chè non odo di tua voce il suono?  
 [Le Donzelle volgono altrove la faccia e fan segno che non possono rispondere.]  
 Ma taciturna sempre! [Ad Ines.]  
 Ah, ti sconsigliare!  
 La tua donna e la mia persiste ancora  
 Il suo rango a celarmi, il nome! Ah, parla,  
 Chi è dessa?

*For.* [To the Maiden who assists him in descending from the boat.]  
 Love's messenger! so young, yet how discreet!  
 Who, from the time when first I set my feet  
 Upon these borders, hast been most silent—  
 Wherefore thus blindfold still mine eyes?

*Ines.* [Sorridente.] Vano è il dimandar!  
*For.* Tremendo  
 Dunque è l'arcan!  
*Ines.* Più assai che tu noi credi.  
 Ella ver noi s'avanza, a lei lo chiedi.  
 [Ines e le Donzelle partono.]

[The Donzelle turn aside, making signs that they must not answer.]  
 Speak! tell me the mystery! [To Ines.]  
 I implore thee!  
 Thy lady, so gentle and lovely,  
 What motive, say, hath she for this disguise?  
 Her name declare!  
*Ines.* [Laughingly.] No; impossible! pray, forbear!  
*For.* Is it,  
 Then, so dreadful?  
*Ines.* That alone from my lady's lips. Lo! she is near!  
 You may, perchance, hear!  
 [Leonora enters, as Ines motions the Girls to retire.]

SCENA V.—FERDINANDO e LEONORA.

SCENE V.—FERDINAND and LEONORA.

*For.* Ah! mio bene, un Dio t'invia.  
 Vieni, ah! vien, ch'io viva in te.  
 Tu sei gioia all'alma mia,  
 Terra e Ciel tu sei per me.  
 Da' sacri altar lontano,  
 Per te solcato ho l'onda.  
*Leo.* Ma da quel di beato,  
 Veglia un pensier su te;  
 E ver l'amica sponda  
 E ti conduce a me.  
*For.* Felice io son!  
*Leo.* Più misero  
 Forse di te non v'è.  
*For.* Per pietade, a me disvela  
 Qual periglio qui si cela:  
 Dal tuo s'è mio cor l'impero,  
 Vo' la morte ad incontrar.  
*Leo.* Ah, che il fato è a me severo!  
*For.* Chi sei tu?  
*Leo.* Nol dimandar.  
*For.* Tacerò—ma pria rispondi  
 Se possente è in te l'amor;  
 Tuo destin col mio confondi,  
 Sposo tuo mi stringi al cor.  
*Leo.* Il vorrei, ma nol poss'io.  
*For.* Che mai sento! oh mio terror  
 Un istante, oh cruda fato!  
 Sventurato, appien mi fè!  
*Leo.* Ah! d'un Dio vendicator  
 Il furor—piovò su me,  
 [Mostrandogli per una pargomena.]  
 A te pensando ancor lo spirito amante,  
 Di queste cifre ti volca far dono, ma giura—  
 Ma dubbii il cor.

*For.* Lovely being! form enchanting!  
 Once again on thee I gaze—  
 My soul, still basking in thy rays,  
 Thrills with rapture, love's own granting.  
 For thee I have defied rebuke, disgrace—  
 Scorn'd each sorrow.  
*Leo.* Thy ardent love, yes, this bosom well knows  
 With pity I behold, and at my bidding  
 They so oft have brought thee to this place  
 To bliss supreme!  
*Leo.* Or, perchance,  
 Destruction!  
*For.* For pity's sake, disclose to me  
 This peril threatening us!  
 At thy feet its full tide pouring,  
 Ev'ry ill I'll brave for thee!  
*Leo.* Ah, fate unhappy, my heart thus controlling!  
*For.* Who art thou?  
*Leo.* Ask me not!  
*For.* I obey; yet, one word—but one!  
 If thy heart tenderly to this incline,  
 My future life oh share!  
 Oh, say thou'lt be mine!  
*Leo.* Ah, wretched fate! it cannot be!  
*For.* What hear I? O terror!  
 Thy meaning, so fearful, in mercy unfold!  
*Leo.* Ah! the wrath of an avenging God  
 Now descends on me.  
 [Shewing a parchment.]  
 In you I've centred all my thoughts,  
 As this will prove—procured for you:  
 Still I have tears.

Leo. Non ha tu detto

Fia state a me, Fernando,  
Che il solo onor t' alberga in petto?

Fer. Il dissi.

Leo. Or certo l' avvenire lo qui ti rendo;  
Ma giurai—

Fer. E che?

Leo. Fuggirmi!  
Fer. O Ciel! che intendo!

Fia vero! lasciarti!

E tu il chiedi a me!

Mia vita è l' amarti,

Spirare per te.

Fria freddo il cor mio

Per morte sarà,

Ma dirti l' addio

Ah! mai non potrà!

Compiangermi ognora

Il mondo potrà,

Non quei che t' adora

Tacciar di vita.

Leo. Deh! vanne, deh! parti,

Deh fuggi da me:

M' è gioja l' amarti,

Delitto è per te.

Ah! freddo il cor mio

Per morte sarà,

Ma dirti l' addio

Dolente dovrà.

Compiangermi ognora

Il mondo potrà,

Ma indarno s' implora

Per me la pietà!

SCENA VI.—*I medesimi. INEZ accorrendo tutta tremante e.*

Inez. Ah, signora! Il Re!

Leo. Che sento! Giusti nomi!

Fer. *[Sorpreso.]* Il Re!

Leo. *[Aparte.]* O spavento!  
Io ti seguo. Prendi e va. *[Ad Inez.]*

*[Rimettendo poi le carte a Fernando.]*

Leo. Fuggi!

Fer. Ah, no!

Leo. Gran Dio, pietà!

Fer. Fia vero? lasciarti! ecc.

Leo. Deh! vanne, deh!

*[Leonora dà a Fernando un ultimo addio, poi esce precipitosamente.]*

SCENA VII.—FERNANDO e INEZ.

Fer. *[Che ha trattenuto Inez disposta a seguire Leonora.]*

E l' uom che la desia, è il Re?

Inez. Sì—è Alfonso! Ma taci.

Fer. E sciolto il vel ecc? Sua cuna, il rango

L' avvicinano al soglio—ed io—chi sono?

Sventurato ed oscuro e senza gloria!

Inez. Prudenza!

*[Gli fa segno di tacere, e fugge via.]*

SCENA VIII.—FERNANDO, solo.

Io non mertava

Il suo amore, il suo cor!

*[Guarda le carte rimessagli da Leonora, e manda un grido di gioja.]*

Gran Dio! che degno

Io ne divengo or vuol! Sì, questo rango,

Questo titol, e questo onor sublime!

Io capitano! O donna, in un istante

Capitano e guerrier tu fai l' amante!

Leo. Have you not told me

In confidence, Ferdinand,

That honor was the goal at which you aim'd?

Fer. I have said so.

Leo. This, then, will secure you a bright future;

But it enjoins—

Fer. Oh, speak!

Leo. That you fly me!

Fer. Heavens! heard I right!

Fly from thee! oh, never!

'Twere madness to try

From thee to sever;—

'Twere better to die!

This heart wildly breaking,

Thee not to behold—

Thy presence forsaking,

Were frozen and cold:

No warmth could restore it—

Each spark would be fled;

The dreams that came o'er it,

Like sweet flow'rs, dead!

Leo. Farewell! Go; forget me!

Thy vows and thy love!

No longer regret me—

Mine image remove.

The rose tho' she fair be,

A canker that wears,

Can never restor'd be

By anguish or tears!

Farewell! this earth's sorrow

Our loves would destroy:

I'll pray that each morrow

Renew thy heart's joy!

SCENE VI.—*The same. INEZ enters hurriedly.*

Inez. Ah, senora! The King!

Leo. What hear I! Just heaven!

Fer. *[Surprised.]* The King!

Leo. *[Apart.]* Fears my bosom wring! *[To Inez]*  
I attend. Take this and go.

*[Giving a paper to Ferdinand]*

Leo. Leave me!

Fer. No, no!

Leo. Away! away!

Fer. Ah! this heart sadly breaking, &c.

Leo. Farewell! Go, go!

*[Bids farewell to Ferdinand, and exit hastily]*

SCENE VII.—FERDINAND and INEZ.

Fer. *[Who has withheld Inez, when about to follow Leonora.]*

Ah, damsel, speak! didst thou not name the King?

Inez. Yes—Alfonso! Hush! silence!

Fer. Her rank—her position! Ah! I understand;

While I—while I, obscure—vain ambition!

Without a name aspiring to this goal!

Inez. Be cautious!

*[Makes signs to him to be cautious, and exit.]*

SCENE VIII.—FERDINAND, alone.

I do not deserve

The treasure of her love, her noble heart!

*[Reads the scroll given him by Leonora, and utters a cry of joy.]*

Great Heav'n! This distinction

Unsought for, undreamt of! Yes, this rank,

This title, this high honor!

I'm Captain! O Lady, to a warrior

You've transform'd your lover!

SI, CHE UN TUO SOLO ACCENTO—FAME, THY VOICE INSPIRING. SOLO. FERDINAND.

*Marsiale.*



Si, che un tuo so-lo ac-cen-to, La vo-ce eg-li è d'un Di-o, L'a-mor che in pet-to lo sen-to io, At-t  
Fame, thy voice in-spir-ing, Now my bo-som fir-ing, This heart's best de-sir-ing,—To  
cen-de il mio va-lor! Ho dol-ce in cor la spe-me, Se il tuo cam-pion son i-o, Che  
seek with thee I'll rose! War's tro-phies at-tain-ing, Bright hon-ors main-tain-ing, My  
noi viv-re-mo in-sie-me Be-a-ti nell' a-mor! Ho dol-ce in cor la spe-me, Se il tuo camp-ion son  
soul true re-main-ing To glo-ry and to love! Vic-to-ry at-tain-ing, Bright hon-or main-  
i-o, che noi viv-re-mo in-sie-me, Be-a-ti-si, be-a-ti nell' a-mor!  
tain-ing, My soul true re-main-ing To glo-ry—yes, to glo-ry and to love!

Addio terren diletto  
Cui noto è il mio destin.  
Tornare a te prometto  
Cinto d' allori il crin!  
Sì! che un tuo solo accento, ecc.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Then farewell, dearest lady,  
For thee each strife I'll meet,  
And gather endless laurels,  
To place them at thy feet!  
Yes! fame thy voice, &c.

END OF ACT I.

## ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Galleria aperta attraverso la quale si scorgono i Giardini e il Palazzo d' Alcazar.

*Il Re; Don GASPARE.*

*Il Re.* Giardini d' Alcazar, de' Ma'ri Regi  
Delizie ascose, oh! quanto  
Alla vostr' ombra riandar m' è grato  
I sogni dell' amore  
Onde s' inebria il cor!  
*Gas.* Del vinto il tetto  
S' aspetta al vincitor: per voi la F de  
Trionfa ed Ismael fugge e paventa  
*Il Re.* Sì, di Marocco i Regi  
E di Granata insiem, vider la luna  
A Tarifa crollar.  
*Gas.* Fu tua la gloria.  
*Il Re.* Ah! non è ver: fu di Fernando, il prode  
Nuovo guerrier, che un giorno sol fe' noto!  
Che rannodò l'armata,  
Salvando il suo signor: ogg' io l' attendo  
In Siviglia, e innanzi a tutti  
Il suo valore d' onorar desio.

[*Entra un Messaggero.*

*Gas.* Del Pastor sommo or giunse  
Un alto messenger.

*Il Re.* [Da sé.] Ognor più grave  
Omai divien suo scettro.

[*A un cenno del Re, Don Gaspare rispettosamente s' inchina, e parte.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Gallery overlooking the Gardens of the Palace of the Alcazar.

*Enter the King and Don GASPARE.*

*King.* Gardens of Alcazar, of Moorish Kings  
Delicious retreat! Oh, how,  
Lost in thy sylvan shades  
This dream of love  
Completely fills my heart!  
*Gas.* This palace now to thee a conqueror's right assigns  
Thro' thee the Spaniards triumph:  
Trembling foes do thee homage.  
*King.* Yes, the united Kings of Grenada and Morocco,  
Beheld the proud crescent laid low  
At Tarifa.  
*Gas.* To thee, oh sire, the glory!  
*King.* To me—no: Ferdinand!  
He the glory deserves: it was his arm won the battle!  
'Twas he inspir'd our men—his valor sav'd his  
country.  
I await him at Seville,  
Where, before my assembled court, I intend  
To load, to o'erwhelm him with honors.

[*An Attendant enters*

*Gas.* They announce, sire, a message  
From the Monk, Ba.thazar.

*King.* [To himself.] Of his mandates I frequent  
Feel the weight too heavy.

[*Makes a sign to Don Gaspar, who bows and retires*



SCENA II.—*Il Re solo, guardando dietro Don Gaspare, che si allontana.*

Ma de' malvagi invan sul capo mio  
Sventure impreca il rio livore: e a Roma  
Congiunto io lo discerno!  
Per te, mia vita, affronterei l' Averno!

SCENE II.—*The King alone, watching the departure of Don Gaspar.*

Yes, all these sycophants, who devour'd are by envy,  
Of thee jealous alike, daily seek, Leonora,  
To separate our loves; but fruitless the attempt.  
Thou alone, Leonora, shalt still reign mistress here!

VIEN, LEONORA, A' PIEDI TUOI—LEONORA, FROM THEE NEVER. SOLO ALFONSO.

*Larghetto.*

Vien, Le-o-no-ra, a' ple-di tu-ol Ser-to e sog-lio il cor, il  
Le-o-no-ra, from thee nev-er Could this fond heart, this fond heart,  
cor, ti do-na! Ah! se ama-ro il Re tu puoi, Mal del don si pen-ti - - - - - ra,  
dear-est, sev-er! No! my throne and my home I'd fly for ev- - - - - er,  
Che per sog-lio, che per sog-lio e per co-ro-na, Gli ri-man la tu-a bel tà!  
Ere from thee, from thee an ex-ile I would be! Yes, ere from thee an ex-ile be!  
De 'ne-mi-ci! Tuoi lo sdegno,..... Dis-fi-dar Sa-prò per  
Le-o-no-ra! Ah, nev-er! no,..... no, nev-er! If but thy  
te, sa-prò per te Dis-fi-dar sa-prò sa- - - - - prò per te!  
heart be true to me, I'll die for thee- yes,..... die for thee!

Se ti cessi e l' alma e il regno,  
Io per gli altri ancor son Re.  
De' miei di compagna io voglio  
Farti o bella innanzi al Ciel,  
Al mio fianco unita in soglio,  
Al mio fianco nell' avel!

[Andando verso Don GASPARE che appare in fondo, il Re gli dice.

Per la festa previeni  
Tutta la corte.

[Don Gaspare parte.

SCENA III.—*Il Re, LEONORA, ed INEZ.*

Leo. [Aparte à Inez.] Ebben, così si narra.

Inez. È il prode vincitor.

Leo. Egli, Fernando!

A lui la gloria, oh Ciel! a me l' infamia!

[Il Re fa cenno ad Inez di ritirarsi, poi s' avvicina a Leonora.

Il Re. Ah! Leo ora, il guardo  
S' mesto a che piegar?

Leo. Lieta mi credi

Se a te d' accanto io sono? Il cor non vedi!

Quando le soglie paterne varcai,

Debil fanciulla delusa nel cor,

Giunta qui teco divider sperai

Talor offerto di sposo all' amor!

Il Re. [Con tenerezza.] Taci!

To thee I resign my life, my kingdom,  
To others only I shall be king henceforth.  
With thee for a companion I shall enjoy  
All the transports of heaven,  
And life will be  
A dream of bliss.

[As the song is concluded, Don GASPARE re-enters, and the King, addressing him, says:

To the fête here,

Now invite all the court.

[Don Gaspar goes out.

SCENE III.—*The King, LEONORA, and INEZ.*

Leo. [Apart to Inez.] Is it so? speak they truly?

Inez. He hath return'd, with deathless laurels crown'd.

Leo. Oh, Ferdinand! thine, thine the glory!

While, ah! for me, dishonor!

[The King makes a sign to Inez to retire, and then he addresses Leonora.

King. Leonora, speak: why bend

Thine eyes, love, to the ground?

Leo. Did these dim eyes seek aught but sadness,

Oh, 'twere madness!

When from the halls of my father you bore me,

A poor simple maid, betray'd, deceiv'd,

Alas! beneath these domes, I hop'd, confirm'd

Would be those vows so sworn, and so believ'd.

King. [With tender remorse.] No more!

*Leo.* Sì, Alfonso, traviata, avvilita,  
M'hai tolto il padre, l'onore, la fè!  
Tacita, e sola, dal mondo schernita,  
Fra l'ombra ascosa la bella è del Re.

*Il Re.* In questo suolo, a lusingar tua cura,  
Regna il piacer, la via sparsa è di fior  
Se intorno a te più bella appar natura,  
Ah! donde avvien che tanto è il tuo dolor!

*Leo.* In questo suol s'ammanta la sventura  
Di gemme, d'oro e di leggiadri fior  
Ma vede il Cielo la mortal mia cura,  
Se ride il labro, disperato è il cor.

*Il Re.* Ma di tue doglie la cagion primiera?

*Leo.* Ah! taci, indarno tu la chiedi a me.  
Soffri che lungi da tua corte io pera!

*Il Re.* A ogni uom vo' noto l'amor mio per te.  
Alfin vedrai se questo cor t'adora.

*Leo.* E vil Leonora, troppo grande è il Re.

*Il Re.* [A parte.] Ah! l'alto ardor che nutro in petto  
In lei divien steril e affetto!  
Non v'ha destin del suo miglior,  
Fur grave oh Dio! lo pesa in cor!

*Leo.* [A parte.] Ah! l'alto ardor che nutro in petto  
In me divien soave affetto:  
Ma splende invan, come fulgor,  
Di tomba oh Dio! nel muto orror!

*Il Re.* Poni tregua al dolor: siediti regina  
Della festa che amore a te destina.

SCENA IV.—*Il Re, LEONORA: Signori e Dame della Corte; Paggi e Guardie.*

*I Signori e la Dame s'avanzano ed inchinano il Re. Questi conduce Leonora per mano ai posti ove seggono per presiedere alla festa.—I Signori si schierano ai lati. Al punto in cui la festa è per incominciare, Don GASPARE entra agitatissimo.*

*Gas.* Ah, Sire!

*Il Re.* Che mai fu?

*Gas.* [A mezza voce.] Tua fede intera  
Al suddito fedele ognor negasti  
Ebben, lei che colmasti  
Di fortuna e di gloria, il suo sovrano  
In segreto tradia.

*Il Re.* Tu menti!

*Gas.* Un schiavo  
Questo foglio recato avea per essa  
Ad Inez confidente,  
A quest' Inez—  
[Rimette una lettera nelle mani del Re.]  
Il labro mio non mente.

*Il Re.* [Allontanando col gesto i Cortigiani.]  
No, possibil non è!

[Poi a Leonora ponendole sott'occhi la lettera.]  
Chi scriverti osa  
E parlarti d'amor!

*Leo.* [Avendo riconosciuto il carattere.]  
Un uom che adoro!

*Il Re.* Oh tradimento!—il nome?

*Leo.* Ah, pria la morte, che appagar tuo desire!

*Il Re.* Forse i tormenti l'otterranno!

*Leo.* Ah, sire!

SCENA V.—*BALDASSARE seguito da un Monaco, che porta una pergamena col Sigillo Papale.—All'arrivo di Baldassare si manifesta una grande agitazione fra gli assistenti.*

*Il Re.* Qual tumulto! chi ardisce  
Inoltrar?

*Bal.* Io son quello, io son che l'ire  
Ot'annunzio del Ciel!

*Leo.* Yes, Alfonso, thou'st degraded and decaid me:  
Thou'st taken my father, my honor, my faith.  
Silent and alone, shunned by the world,  
Live I in the dark: the mistress of the King

*King.* In this abode, to lure thy cares away  
Reigns delicious peace; sweet flowers  
Do homage to thee, fairer than they,  
And yet dark grief corrodes thy heart.

*Leo.* Vainly glitter these jewels,  
Vainly bloom these flowers around me.  
God knows my afflictions!  
E'en if the lip may smile, the heart is weeping

*King.* But tell me the first cause of your grief.

*Leo.* Ah! ask not to know it.

*King.* Permit me, Sire, to leave this court!

*King.* No man can love thee more than I;  
Thou shalt see how my heart adores thee!

*Leo.* I dare not look so high as thee.

*King.* [A part.] Oh, love! soft love! her bosom filling,  
With sweet response each fibre thrilling,  
Inspire her heart! or, wrapp'd in gloom,  
Burns here thy flame, as in a tomb!

*Leo.* [A part.] Oh, love, alas! this bosom filling,  
With secret woe each fibre thrilling,  
Consume, unseen, 'mid deepest gloom,  
As burns the death-lamp in a tomb!

*King.* Chase away this gloom; enjoy the feasts  
Spread 'round thee by my tender love.

SCENE IV.—*The King, LEONORA; Lords and Ladies of the Court; Pages and Guards.*

*The Lords and Ladies advance, and respectively salute the King. The King takes Leonora by the hand, and seats her on the dais overlooking the fete.—The Noblemen group around.—As the fete is about to commence, Don GASPARE enters in much agitation.*

*Gas.* Ah, Sire!

*King.* Speak—what wouldst?

*Gas.* [In an under tone.] Thou didst believe not  
What thy most faithful servant told thee;  
But, Sire, even she, whom thou hast loaded  
With gold and honor, e'en she  
Betrays her sov'reign secretly.

*King.* 'Tis false!

*Gas.* [Handing a letter to the King.] A slave  
Gave this to her confidante, Inez.  
Let her deny it!  
My lip lieth not, my King.

*King.* [Making signs to the Courtiers to retire.]  
Ah no! it cannot be possible!  
[Turning hastily to Leonora, and showing her the letter]  
Who's he that dares address thee?  
And write, too, of love?

*Leo.* [Recognizing the writing.]  
Ah, spare me! I adore him!

*King.* Speak, speak at once!—his name?

*Leo.* Ask not his name! I reveal that—oh, never!

*King.* The torture yet may wring it from thy heart!

*Leo.* Ah, sire!

SCENE V.—*Enter BALTHAZAR, accompanied by a Monk who has a parchment in his hand with the Papal Seal attached.—The arrival of Balthazar occasions great commotion.*

*King.* What means this tumult? Who dare  
Intrude here?

*Bal.* I have come to proclaim  
The wrath of Heaven upon thee!

**Il Re.** Veglio! che parli?

**Bal.** Re di Castiglia, a te del Pastor sommo  
Reco e il voler di Dio.  
Ove al dover t' opponi,  
Il labro mio pronunzia  
L' anatema fatal che gli empì atterra

**Il Re.** Ben so qual alto dèssi  
Rispetto al capo della Fe, ma oolio  
Tu mai non prender che il tuo Re son io

**Bal.** Sì, per la scaltra e abbietta  
Che del tuo amor s' ammanta, a vil ripudio  
Dannar vuoi la regina.

**Il Re.** Io sì, l' volea.

**Tutti.** O, Ciel!

**Il Re.** E sacro è il mio voler! la fronte  
Ornar della corona.  
D' altra donna mi piacque, e qual si fosse  
Questa regal mia cura,  
Giudice all' opre il Re son io.

**King.** What wouldst thou? speak!

**Bal.** King of Castile! hear the commands of God  
Through his holiness the Pope!  
Dare not oppose thee,  
Or my lips will pronounce  
Th' anathema which destroys thee.

**King.** Full well I know the respect which I owe  
To the head of our church; but thou  
Shouldst not forget that I am King.

**Bal.** Shame and disgrace is hidden  
Beneath the love thou professest!  
And from thy lawful queen thou hast divorce'd thy

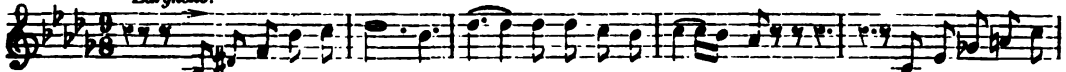
**King.** I know; I will it so.

**Cho.** Oh, Heaven!

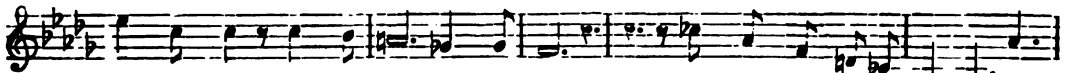
**King.** My will is sacred! On my brow  
Rests the royal diadem!  
This other lady I shall wed, and whoever  
Doubts my right shall feel  
The anger of a monarch!

**AH PAVENTA IL FUROR—DO YOU NOT CALL THE WRATH. BALTHAZAR.**

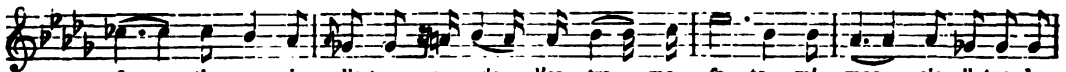
*Larghetto.*



Ah paven-ta il fu-ror d'un Di-o ven-di-ca-to-re. su rei scende ter  
Do you not call the wrath of God, the a-venge-ing up-on thee; For it vis-it-eth



ri-bi-le s'egli è pa-ce al ta-pin. Tu l'or-ren-di pro-cal-le af-  
ter-ri-bly Those who not bow to his will. Has-ten, pac-i-fy Heaven, O-



fron-ti scon-si glia-to, ma già l'es-tre-mo fa-to mi mac-cia il tuo de-  
bedient to his com-mand-ments, Be-fore the curse de-scend-eth, Which e-ver you now im-



stin. ma già l'es-tre-mo fa-to mi nac-cia si mi nac-cia il tuo de-stin.  
pende, Ere the curse be de-scend-ing Which now..... threaten-ing-ly e-ver thee im-pende

**Leo.** Io gelo di terror,  
E sovra il mesto cor  
L' ira terribil scende  
Del crudo mio destin.  
Fra la procelle orrende  
Vacilla il cor turbato,  
E vede estremo fato  
Sorgere dappresso alfin.

**Il Re.** Agli atti ed al furor  
Che gli arde in mezzo al cor  
Fiero il rimorso scende  
Entro il mio petto alfin.  
Ma le procelle orrende  
No mi vedran cangiato:  
Tu tremi sconsigliato  
Sul nero tuo destin

**Leo.** Io gelo di terror,  
E sovra il mesto cor  
L' ira terribil scende  
Del barbaro destin.

**Bal.** Voi tutti che m'udite,  
L'adultera fuggite;  
Questa maledetta femmina  
Ha maledetta il ciel!

**Il Re.** Ah Leonora!

**Leo.** I tremble with fear  
To the inmost of my heart,  
Lest this terrible blow  
Should crush my fondest hopes.  
In this sudden tempest  
Wavers my troubled spirit;  
I dare not ask me  
What my sorry fate will be!

**King.** In the midst of my anger  
At such audacious proceedings,  
I feel remorse with bitter pangs  
Seize my inmost heart.  
Still this sudden tempest  
Shall not bend me nor break me;  
Calm thee, my Leonora,  
Bright is thy destiny.

**Gas & Cho.** We're trembling with fear  
To the inmost of our hearts,  
Lest he will call down upon himself  
This awful decree!

**Bal.** All ye that hear me  
Shun the adulteress;  
Avoid the outcast:  
Accurs'd of Heav'n is she

**King.** Ah, Leonora!

*Tutti* Oh Dio!  
*Leo.* Ch'io mora!  
*Bal.* Ah! fuggite.  
*Il coro.* Ho agli occhi un vel.  
*Il Re.* [Con furore.] E con qual dritto?  
*Bal.* In nome  
 Del gran gerarca, maledetti entrambi  
 Sian, se doman gli stolti  
 Non fian per sempre separati e sciolti.  
*Il Re.* Ah! che diss'egli? quel labro infiammato  
 Di rovesciare il mio soglio ha tentato!  
 Il petto m'arde tremendo disdegno,  
 Pur la vendetta non scende del Re.  
 Ah! pria ch'io ceda, perisca il mio regno,  
 Lo scettro, il brando s'infranga con me.  
*Leo.* Ah! che diss'egli! quel labro infiammato  
 Me dalla terra, dal cielo ha scacciato;  
 Muta quest'alma non nutre un disegno,  
 Nè la vendetta reclama del Re!  
 Amor, vergogna m'invade e disdegno;  
 Morte deh! scendi propizia su me.  
*Gas.* Ah! che diss'egli? quel labro infiammato  
*Coro.* Face di guerra qui in mezzo ha gittato!  
 Il petto gli arde tremendo disdegno,  
 Pur la vendetta non scende del Re!  
 Sia quest'infame bandita dal Regno,  
 Sia maledetto chi asilo le die!  
*Bal.* [Prendendo dalle mani del Monaco, le pergamene e spingendola agli occhi degli assistenti. Tutti cadono genuflessi.]  
 Lo stemma è questo del Pastor supremo.  
 Dio di vendetta decreto ha scagliato,  
 Di Gazzabelle rinnovisi il fato;  
 Quest'empia donna, a infame disegno,  
 Indarno spera vendetta dal Re.  
 Tutti fuggite, e del cielo lo sdegno,  
 Tutti invocate sovr'essa con me.  
*Gli altri.* Ah! che diss'egli? ecc. ecc.  
 [Leonora fugge nell'estrema confusione, nascondendo tra le mani la fronte.—Quadro.]

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

## ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Una Sala nel Palazzo d'Alcazar.

FERNANDO, solo.

A lei son presso alfin: partiva ignoto  
 E reido vincitor! Mentre in sua corte  
 M'appella il Re, d'amor più che d'orgogli  
 Mi freme in petto il cor! Colei, che tanto  
 Adoro, qui soggiorna:  
 E a conoscerla alfin l'alma ritorna.

Il Re!

[Vedendo avvicinarsi il Re, si ritira.]

SCENA II.—Fernando in disparte, il Re che entra pensieroso, senza vederlo, Don GASPARE, che seguita il Re.

*Gas.* Qual fora di quell'empio il fato?*Il Re.* [Senza ascoltarlo parla tra sé.]

D'un Monaco alle fole,  
 Ceder dunque dovrò?

*Gas.* Ma il Re giustizia a sè ricusa.*Il Re.* Leonora inoltri:

Inez, complice sua, prigion rattienl.

[Don Gaspare s'inchina ed esce, il Re scorgendo Fer.]

*Cho.* O Heaven!  
*Leo.* Would I were dead!

*Bal.* Flee from her.*Cho.* Let us begone.*King.* [To Balthasar.] And by what right this?*Bal.* In the name

Of the great Highpriest: be malediction  
 Upon both of you, if by to-morrow's dawn  
 You are not forever separated from her.

*King.* What hath he said! Sure with frenzy he's raging  
 Scorn in his breast, all its fury is waging;  
 And no respect for my rank him assuaging.  
 I seem as nought, that should command as King!  
 Rather my sceptre shall this proud hand surrender,  
 Or from my brow here, my diadem I'll fling.

*Leo.* Oh, fearful sound! awful curse! nought assuaging.  
 O'er me, unhappy, what dark fate is raging!  
 Oh, could they know how this torn heart they wring  
 Their wrath defies e'en the King!  
 I hence must fly! here, shame and grief waging—  
 Ope, earth, and o'er me thy mountains fling.

*Gas. &* Oh, dreadful curse! from on high it is given.

*Cho.* Hence, let that lost one this moment be driven,  
 Else, soon, these walls asunder will be riven,  
 And vengeance on our heads ever bring.  
 Let refuge none to her footsteps be given,  
 Fell remorse her heart sting!

*Bal.* [Taking from the hands of a Monk a parchment with a seal, which he unfolds to their eyes.]

This is the decree of the Holy Father!

Heav'n itself has dictated it,

And seal'd the fate of this Jezabel,

Of this impious woman, given to sin and evil,

And no King's earthly power can save her.

All ye here, flee her! Or beware

Of the wrath of Heaven!

*Cho.* Oh, dreadful curse! &c. &c.

[Leonora goes off in dismay, hiding her face in her hands Tableau.]

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Saloon in the Palace of Alcazar.

FERDINAND, alone.

Near thee, once more, Leonora!

Fame's wreath that binds my brow

I at thy feet will throw.

Encircl'd here, this heart would wear thee,

Its brightest guardon still—

Dear spell 'gainst every ill!

Yes, 'mid the battle, here did this bosom wear thee.

My life's preserving charm, in peril near me!

Lo! the King! [As observing the King he retires]

SCENE II.—Not observing Ferdinand, the King enters passively, followed by Don GASPARE.

*Gas.* Hast decided thy will, gracious sire?*King.* [Aside, not heeding Don Gaspar.]

To the Monk's angry threat'nings

This heart is forc'd to yield!

*Gas.* Dread sir! your judgment ever right is.*King.* Hence: bid Leonora come before us;

Inez, her accomplice, conduct to prison.

[Exit Don Gaspar.—The King sees Ferdinand]

Sei tu, mio nume tutelâr, ti dove  
La sua salvezza il Re.  
*Fer.* L'ambita gloria mi fe' contento appien  
*Il Re.* De' tuoi sudori,  
Io stesso il vo', la ricompensa or chiedi.  
All' accento del Re t' affida e credi.  
*Fer.* Sire, soldato misero,  
Per nobil dama amor m' accende il petto,  
E i miei trionfi io deggio,  
La mai gloria al suo amor, questa ti chieggi.  
*Il Re.* Sia taa, la noma!  
*Fer.* [*Vendendo venir Leonora.*] Ah si, costei s' appella,  
Vedila, la più bella!  
*Il Re.* [*Stupefatto.*] Leonora!

SCENA III.—*Il medesimo; LEONORA.*

*Leo.* [*Aparte.*] O Ciel! l' amante!  
Re comparirle innante!  
*Il Re.* [*Freddamente a Leonora.*]  
Ei del suo cor la brama,  
Ch' ei t' ama, or mi svelò.  
*Leo.* [*Da sé.*] Quel guardo m' agghiacciò!  
*Il Re.* Potria piombar su te, poi che il tacer t' alletta,  
La collera del Re coll' alta sua vendetta!  
[*S' arresta, e poi ripiglia più freddamente.*]  
Fernando, a te la mano desia di sposo offrir.  
*Leo.* Oh che di tu!  
*Il Re.* Il sovrano a lui ti dona.  
*Leo.* } O Cielo!  
*Fer.* }  
*Il Re.* Doman tu dei partir!  
[*Volgendosi a Leonora con un po' di malcontento e tristezza.*]

Is't thou, my liberator! Ah!  
Thy King his crown owes to thee.  
*Fer.* Sire, with glory I'm repaid!  
*King.* Say, for thy valor, what recompense,  
What honor can requite thee?  
Oh, ask it of thy King, tis thine this hour.  
*Fer.* Sire! tho' but a poor soldier,  
With my whole heart I love a noble lady:  
To her alone I owe my glory, my renown—  
Her hand is all I crave!  
*King.* It is thine! Speak! who is she?  
*Fer.* [*Gazing at Leonora, who enters.*] In thy presence she  
blossoms, the flower of this palace!  
*King.* [*Stupified.*] Leonora!

SCENE III.—*The same; LEONORA.*

*Leo.* [*Apart.*] Ah, he there! must I sink, disgrac'd, before  
him?  
*King.* [*Coldly to Leonora, pointing to Ferdinand.*]  
Madam, thy lover, most adoring,  
Through me his passion now conveys.  
*Leo.* [*Apart.*] Alas! what means that angry gaze?  
*King.* On thee, who me deceiv'd, thy guilty secret keeping,  
Another king, ere now, had been his vengeance heap  
ing; [*Pauses, and then continues coldly.*]  
But, scarce a moment since, he demanded thy hand  
Oh, what say you?  
*King.* He has ask'd thee for his wife.  
*Leo.* } Oh, Heaven!  
*Fer.* }  
*King.* To-morrow fly this land!  
[*Addressing Leonora bitterly and coldly.*]

## A TANTO AMOR—THOU FLOW'R BELOV'D. SOLO. ALFONSO.

Andante.

A tan - to a - mor, Leo - no - ra il tuo ris - pon - da; Quand' ei se  
Thou flow'r le - lou'd, And in hope's gar - den cher - ish'd, With sighs and  
Il - ce non vi - vrà, che in te, Dol - ce la spe - me del tuo cor so -  
tours re - fresh'd, too, night and morn, Fad'st from my breast, thine ev' - ry beau - ty  
conda, Ch'ei mai non debba ma - le - dir tua fè, Ch'ei mai non debba mai non deb - ba ma - le - dir tua fè.  
perish'd, And in thy stead a - lone hath left a thorn, And in thy stead a - lone, a - lone hath left, hath left a thorn.

*Leo.* } Se inganno o sogno è questo—a me s'asconda—  
*Fer.* } Per sempre il ver che rischiariar mi dè!  
*Il Re.* Entro un' ora, il sacro rito  
Fia compito.  
*Fer.* O mio signor!  
A' tuoi pie' col sangue mio,  
Or vogli'io—donarti il cor!  
*Leo.* Ed il giuro.  
*Il Re.* [*Piano a Leonora.*] Ei fia serbato.  
Se ingannato—Io fu da te;  
Vendicarsi appien sa il Re.  
[*Il Re esce conducendo seco Fernando.*]

SCENA IV.—*LEONORA sola, cads sopra un divano.*

Fia dunque vero? O ciel! desso! Fernando!  
Le sposo di Leonora!

*Leo.* } 'Tis some delirium, sure—a hopeless dream—  
*Fer.* } That thus my fond heart enchants!  
*King.* Within an hour, the church's rites  
In wedlock's bonds shall bind you.  
*Fer.* Oh, most noble lord!  
At your feet I fall,  
And vow eternal gratitude!  
*Leo.* And so do I  
*King.* [*Aside to Leonora.*] And faithful will you be?  
Your base deceit to me I now forgive;  
And thus the King I play.  
[*Exeunt the King and Ferdinand*]

SCENE IV.—*LEONORA alone, and taking her seat on a couch*

No; my ears but deceive! What is?  
Delusion! he wed with Leonora

Tutto mel dice, e dubbia l'alma è ancora,  
 All' matteda gioia! oh Dio! sposarlo,  
 Oh mia vergogna estrema! In dote al prode,  
 Recare il disonor! no, mai! dovesse  
 Esccrarmi—fuggir, saprà in brev' ora,  
 Chi sia la donna che cotanto adora!

E'en though all pronounce it,  
 This heart with doubt still throbbing,  
 In so much bliss can scarce believe;  
 Oh, if before the altar,  
 Confiding, he would prove mine, eternal—  
 No, no, dishonor! him I'll ne'er deceive:  
 All he shall know—the wretched, blighted victim,  
 To whom his noble truth he'd give!

O, MIO FERNANDO—DEAR FERDINAND. AIR. LEONORA.

*Cantabile.*



O, mio Fer-nan-do, del-la ter-ra il tro-no—A pos-se-der-ti, av-  
 Dear Fer-di-nand, were mine this earth's whole trea-sure— Mine, too, each star, each  
 ri-a do-na-to il cor: Ma pu-ro l'a-mor, mio co-me il per-do-no,  
 str of yon blue heav'n: Each star a world, To pur-chase thee one plea-sure,  
 Dan-na-to ah! las-sa, è a dis-pe-rato or-ror! Il ver-fa no-to,  
 All, all at once, at once by this fond hand were giv'n! All should be thine,  
 e in tuo dis-pre-gio estre-mo; La pe-na au-rom-mi, che maggior si de'! Ah!.....  
 save my poor name de-gra-ded; And thin: should be, too, my life's lat-est sigh! Ah!.....  
 Se il gius-to tuo dis-deg-no al-lor fia sce-mo, Pi-om-bi, Gran Dio, la fol-gor  
 ..... But ere I give to thee a fame o'er-sha-ded, And thou deceive, I'll die; and thou, and  
 tua su me tua, su me! Tu-o dis-deg-no al-lor fia sce-mo, Pi-om-bi, gran Dio la fol-gor tua su  
 thou de-ceive, de-ceive, I'll die! Ere I give thee a fame o'er-sha-ded, and thou, and thou de-ceive, I'll  
 me! Tu-o dis-deg-no al-lor fia sce-mo, Pi-om-bi, gran Dio la fol-gor tu-a su me  
 die! Ere I give thee a fame o'er-sha-ded, and thou de-ceive, and thou de-ceive, I'll die!

Su crudeli, e chi v' arresta!  
 Scritto è in cielo il mio dolor!  
 Su venite, ell' è una festa,  
 Sparsa l'aria sia di fior!  
 Già la tomba a me s'appresta,  
 E coperta in negro vel  
 Sia la trista fidanzata  
 Che, reietta, disperata,  
 Non avrà perdono in ciel.

Oh, death!  
 Where art thou? come!  
 I call thee! await thee!  
 Approach! lead to the tomb.  
 O'er this brow pale cypress twine,  
 Roses are too bright and glowing—  
 O'er this face a dark veil throwing,  
 Tears, for smiles, be sadly flowing—  
 Deck with sable plumes the shrine:  
 Yes, I'll die, my shame avowing,  
 Ere, despt'd, I will be thine!

SCENA V.—Entra INEZ.

SCENE V.—Enter INEZ.

Leo. Inez?  
 Inez. Fia ver? Fernando, a te consorte?

Inez. Lady dear, is't true he comes to wed thee?

*Leo.* A me? che parli! la crudel fortuna  
Tanta gioia al mio cor no, non serbava.  
Va di Fernando in traccia, e a lui disvela  
Ch'io fu del Re l'amante.  
Ah! s'egli m'abbandona,  
Nè un lamento darò, ma, se a Dio pari  
Generoso perlovia  
Postrata ognor servirlo,  
Amarlo, benedirlo  
Fia poco ancor! per lui son presta a morte  
Così gli parla; almen ch'ei sappia il vero  
E per me primo il sappia.

[*Leonora parte.*

*Inez.* Ad obberdirti  
Il solo mio risponda: Io corro. [*S' incommina.*

SCENA VI.—Don GASPARE che entra per la dritta con la  
Prima Cameriera.

*Gas.* [Ad *Inez.*] Arresta:  
D'Alfonso ordin sovrano  
T'impon che tosto a me prigion ti rendi.  
Dessa tu dèi seguir.

*Inez.* [Turbata.] Dio ci difendi!  
[Don Gaspare conduce *Inez* verso la Prima Cameriera,  
che la mena seco.

SCENA VII.—Don GASPARE, tutta la Corte, poi il Re, e  
FERNANDO.

COHO.

Gha nell'angusta cella  
Di cui la volta splende,  
Voce soave appella  
Gli sposi al sacro altar.  
Regni in que' petti eterno  
L'amor che sì li accende,  
Ed il favor superno  
Di gioje spanda un mar.

FERNANDO entrando col Re.

*Fer.* Ah! che da tanta gioia  
Inebriato è il cor! Sogno avverato,  
Insuperato favor! Poss'io del pari  
Ir de' più grandi al fianco.

*Il Re.* A ognun fia noto  
Quant'io t'onori: o tu che mi salvasti,  
Tu vincitor de' Mauri, di Zamora  
Conte e Marchese di Montreal t'eleggo.  
[*Fernando fa un gesto di sorpresa.*  
Quest'ordin t'abbi ancora.

[*Staccandosi una collana che gli scendeva sul petto, e mettendola al collo di Fernando, che pone un ginocchio a terra.*

*Gas.* [A voce bassa ai Signori che lo circondano  
Ebben, che parvi?

*I Signori.* Il Re son generosi!

*Gas.* Il prezzo è questo  
Dell'onta e dell'infamia.

*I Signori.* E dunque vero  
L'imen?

*Gas.* Il Re gli unisce.  
Insieme si conciliano, e il patto indegno  
Del pontefice dee frenar lo sdegno.

*I Signori.* Ma vien Leonora!

*Gas.* Oh! la novella illustre!

*Leo.* He wed me, no; honor and love repel it!  
Ah! for me no such bright fortune, blessing, or delight.  
Go thou to him, and say men call me Favorite of the King.  
Say from my home I torn was—young, betrayed, unconscious!  
Innocent and deceived!  
Then should Ferdinand still seek my hand—  
Still would wed me—  
I his slave will become; and who my love shall chide?  
Deception's veil envelop'd not the bride.  
Go, tell my shame,  
Then to me his dread answer come proclaim.

*Inez.* Dearest lady, on me rely. [*Exit Leonora*  
I'll quickly away! [*Going*

SCENE VI.—Enter Don GASPARE, with Guards.

*Gas.* [To *Inez.*] Hold, I pray!  
The King's word hath ordain'd me  
Thee to arrest: pardon, thou must constrain'd be;  
I but fulfil my duty—away!

*Inez.* Alas! oh, fatal delay!  
[Don Gaspar puts *Inez* in the custody of the Soldiers,  
who take her away.

SCENE VII.—Don GASPARE; all the Courtiers; then the  
King and FERDINAND.

CHORUS—of Courtiers and Don GASPARE.

Soon kneeling in the chapel,  
Affection deep requiting,  
At the altar, hearts uniting,  
The sacred bonds are tied  
The brave triumphant soldier,  
Repaid for every danger,  
To strife is now a stranger,  
Beside his lovely bride.

Enter FERDINAND and the King.

*Fer.* Ah! what boundless joy!  
With rapture this heart is beating.  
These noble lords, soon to accord their greeting  
To my new-worn honors: the equal, hence alloy!

*King.* Thus to prove to my court  
How much thy deeds I honor—  
Spain glory owes to thee!  
The Moorish foe thou conquer'dst—  
Count of Zamora be:

[*Ferdinand starts with surprise*  
And Marquis Montreal: These be thy titles.

[*Putting round his neck a rich chain, &c. The Nobles looking on with envy.*

*Gas.* [Apart, to the Nobles around him.]  
To this what say ye, Lords?

*Nobles.* His majesty is kind.

*Gas.* But will honor dispel the shame of her he carries?

*Nobles.* To her wedded: can it be?

*Gas.* The King this match design'd.  
Subtle, compact of shame! to awaken  
Each honest wrath, 'tis fated.

*Nobles.* Behold Leonora!

*Gas.* Marchioness, just created.

SCENA VIII.—*I Medesimi.* LEONORA *entra pallida, vestita di bianco e circondata da alcune dame. Vedandola, il Re esce con dolore.*

Leo. [Da se.] Io mio sorreggo appena!  
[Accorgendosi che Fernando la guarda con amore.  
Oh ciel! gli sguardi  
Senza rancor mi volge! il mio messaggio  
Inez recava, ei mi perdona: oh sorte!  
Fer. [Avvicinandosele.] L'ara è presta o gentil.  
Leo. Gran Dio!  
Fer. Tu tremi?  
Leo. Ah! sì, di gioia.  
Fer. Meco vieni, e d' uno sposo al fianco ti sostieni.

Gas. [Ai Signori.] Oh infame!  
[Fernando esce conducendo Leonora per mano. Le Dame e una parte di Signori il seguono.]

SCENA IX.—Don GASPARE e una parte di Signori.

Gas. Oh viltade! obbrobbie insano!  
Coro. Questo è troppo in mia fe!  
Gas. Di consorte offrir la mano.  
Coro. Alla bella del Re!  
Gas. Mortal di sangue abbetto!  
Coro. Senza fama ed onor!  
Gas. Marchese il Re l'ha detto.  
Coro. E sarà Prence ancor.  
Gas. D'Alcantara l'onore a lui fu dato.  
E dei tesori.  
Coro. Un rango ed un poter.  
Tutti. Di sue virtù e del suo cor bennato  
Pagar fu dritto il vago avventurier.  
[Ritornano i Signori usciti dal corteggio: gli altri vanno ad incontrarli, e pure dimandano raggiugli cerimonia. Il matrimonio è fatto.—Tutti manifestano la loro indignazione.]  
Coro. Si tenti almen, se il nostro spregio ei sfida,  
Che al vile orgoglio mai la sorte arrida:  
Che alcun di noi non cerchi il suo favor,  
Ch' egli abbia sol compagno il disonor!

SCENA X.—FERNANDO.

Fer. [Vella massima gioia.]  
Per me, del ciel propizio  
Si dispiega il favor—ah! la mia gioia  
Dividete voi pur; mecco esultate  
Di sì lieto destin: ella è pur mia  
Questa donna adorato: avvi ad un core  
Ben più grande nel dite.  
Gas. Signori. } [Freddamente.] Avvi, l'onore.  
Fer. L'onor! sua nobil fiamma  
A me fu sacra ognora, e dalla culla  
Io la toglieva in dote, e tutti i beni,  
Che posseder m'è dato,  
D' sessa son fumo al paro.  
Gas. }  
Coro. } Un ve n'ha ch'è per te pensier più caro  
Fer. Che diceste? Dell' ingiuria  
Vo' ragion—nò, m' ingannai—  
Deh parlate, io ve ne supplico,  
Quà le destre, amici—  
Tutti. [Ritirando le mani.] Ah! mal  
E questo nome augusto,  
In avvenir. Marchese,  
Più non s'udirà per noi.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter LEONORA, INEZ, and Ladies—Leonora in a bridal dress, but pale and dejected. As she enters, the King goes out mournfully.*

Leo. [Aside.] Ah! how my footsteps falter!  
[Observing Ferdinand, who contemplates her with looks of love.]  
Although through Inez he knows all,  
What dream of joy is this?  
Fer. [Coming forward.] Is she not beautiful?  
Leo. Oh, Heaven!  
Fer. Tremblest thou?  
Leo. 'Tis with bliss.  
Fer. Bless'd with a husband's love, ev'ry fear from thee will fly!  
Gas. [To the Lords.] Oh, infamy!  
[Exit Ferdinand, leading Leonora by the hand]

SCENE IX.—Don GASPARE and Chorus.

Gas. Lo! what shameful proceeding!  
Cho. It is too much, by our faith!  
Gas. To offer to her his hand!  
Cho. To the mistress of the king!  
Gas. Of common blood by birth!  
Cho. Without fame or honor!  
Gas. A Marquis the King has made him!  
Cho. Yes, he will yet be a prince!  
Gas. Of Alcantara, the order he has received,  
And treasures plenty.  
Cho. With rank and distinction.  
All. With his kindness and good heart,  
The King has gilded an adventurer.  
[The Lords who left with the procession return, and signify that the nuptials have been performed.—All manifest indignation.]  
Cho. So, let us all, pride of birth, rank, consulting,  
Return his looks with scorn the most insulting;  
Let not one smile his courteous bow repay:  
Silence and sneers—contempt—and turn away.  
Yes! yes!

SCENE X.—FERDINAND.

Fer. [With much joy.]  
On me doth fortune golden beams o'ermeasure!  
Ah, noble lords, come share with me this joy!  
She, she is mine! Oh, what delight! nought can  
our bliss destroy.  
Leonora! my own one! reigns on earth brighter  
treasure—pray answer!  
Gas. }  
Cho. } [Coldly.] Yes, honor!  
Fer. Honor! its noble laws to me were ever sacred:  
My soul its light imbib'd with reason's life.  
Not all I now possess—e'en my wife!  
Nought earthly, can equal saintly honor.  
Gas. } But yet we might judge there are things you more  
Cho. } prize.  
Fer. What mean ye, sirs? such words forbear!  
If insult thou intend'st, beware!  
But no, I heard not right: pray understand,  
I do entreat ye! pardon, sirs—  
Nay, thy hand. [To Don Gaspar and the rest]  
Gas. } [Refusing their hands.]  
Cho. } Thy title comprehend, noble Marquis—  
Not all thy honors grand,  
Can our respect, great sir, command



*Fer.* [*Prerompente.*]  
Gli atti perversi  
Fian lavati col sangue.

*Tutti.* Ebben, si versa.

*Fer.* Andiam.

[*Tutti s'incamminan.*]

SCENA XI.—*I Medesimi*: BALDASSARE.

*Bal.* Dove correte?  
Di quel cieco furor gl' impeti stolti  
Sospendete o Cristiani.

*Fer.* [*Accorrendo a lui.*] Oh! Baldassare!

*Bal.* Figlio! [*Serrandolo tra le sue braccia.*]

*Gas.* [*Ironico.*] Li sposo di Leonora!

*Bal.* [*Sciogliendosi dalle braccia di Fernando respingendolo.*]

Oh, Dio!

*Fer.* Ma che mai fu?

*Bal.* Deh taci! Tu sei disonorato!

*Fer.* Oh! come, oh! quando

Il mio nome macchiali?

*Tutti.* La destra or dando alla bella del Re!

*Fer.* [*Annientato.*] Alla bella del Re!

[*Poi con gran furor.*]

Che! Leonora! l'inferno arde sul capo mio!

*Bal.* Tu l'ignoravi?

*Fer.* [*Con furor crescente.*] Alla bella del' Re!

*Bal.* Figlio!

*Fer.* Il lor sangue è a me dovuto.

*Bal.* [*Guardano furor di scena.*] Arrestati; alcun giunga.

*Fer.* Io qui li attendo.

*Bal.* Fuggi.

*Fer.* Ah no, vendetta adesso io vo!

*Bal.* Fernando, figlio mio!

*Fer.* Padre mi lascia, ora in me parla Iddio.

*Coro.* Qual furor in quell' aspetto! Il Re!

SCENA XII.—*I Medesimi. Il Re, che tiene LEONORA per mano.*

*Fer.* Sire, Io ti deggio—  
Mia fortuna, mia vita,  
Di conte il nome,  
Ogni splendor novello,  
Dovizie, dignità,  
Beni supremi,  
Che l'uom desia, ma,  
Tu volesti—oh Dio!  
Darli al prezzo crudel  
Dell' onor mio!

*Il Re.* Oh ciel! di quell' alma  
Il puro candor  
Perduto ha la calma,  
Si cangia in furor,  
L'oltraggio che scende  
Sul capo d'un Re,  
Immobil mi rende,  
Tremante mi fe'

*Leo.* Un giuro dell' alma  
M' ha' spento il candor,  
A rendermi in calma,  
Ritorni l'onor.

Le pene che intende

Rivolger su me,

Ricadan tremende

Sul capo del Re.

*Bal.* Oh, ciel! di quell' alma

Il puro candor

Perduto ha la calma

Si cangia in furor.

L'oltraggio che scende

Sul capo d'un Re,

Immobil mi rende,

Tremante mi fe'.

*Fer.* [*Impetuosamente.*]  
Ah! for this language dearly shalt thou pay!  
Ay! even with thy life—

*Gas.* } Enough! come on sir, pray!  
*Cho.* }

*All.* Away! Away!

[*About to rush off*]

SCENA XI.—*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

*Bal.* Hold! forbear  
This blind intemperate fury!  
Yield to my bidding—I say forbear!

*Fer.* [*Rushing to him.*] Ah, Balthazar!

*Bal.* Ferdinand!

[*They embrace.*]

*Gas.* [*Ironically.*] Leonora's bridegroom!

*Bal.* [*Starting from the embrace of Ferdinand, and repelling him.*] Oh, scandal!

*Fer.* What is my fault?

*Bal.* They would thy name dishonor.

*Fer.* In what have I my

Name disgrac'd, declare!

*All.* In wedding her! the King's favorite, sir, there!

*Fer.* [*Thunderstruck.*] The favorite of the King!

What! Leonora!—Oh, my brain!

*Bal.* Didst thou not know?

*Fer.* [*With increasing fury.*] The King's favorite, she!

*Bal.* My son!

*Fer.* With their blood shall they pay for this!

*Bal.* Arrest thee! They're coming.

*Fer.* I shall attend them.

*Bal.* Fly!

*Fer.* Ah no! I will have my vengeance first!

*Bal.* Ferdinand! my son!

*Fer.* Father, do not thwart me! thro' me speaks Heaven!

*Cho.* What fury in his looks! Lo! the King!

SCENE XII.—*Enter the King, leading LEONORA, followed by Ladies, &c.*

*Fer.* Sire, to you I owe  
My fortune, my life,  
The rank of a count,  
All this splendor, new to me,  
Wealth, dignity,  
All those supreme gifts  
Which man aspires to.  
But thou hast will'd—oh Heav'n  
That I should buy them  
At the cruel price of my honor!  
Oh Heaven! The pure candor  
Of his noble soul

*King.*

Hath forsaken its calmness,  
And rages in fury.  
My dishonorable deed  
Thus thrust into my face,  
Carries a tenfold punishment  
With it to my heart.

*Leo.*

He has sacrific'd his love,  
And risk'd his kingly honor,  
To gratify my wishes  
And insure my happiness.  
Why should Fernando's wrath  
Now venge itself on him,  
And I, poor criminal,  
Stand by unharm'd?

*Bal.*

O Heaven! The pure candor  
Of his noble soul  
Hath forsaken its calmness,  
And rages in fury!  
This outrage devised  
In the head of a King  
Renders me stupefied,  
And shakes my faith in the mighty:

*Il Re.* Or su, Fernando, ascoltami

*Fer.* Il tutto è a me svelato.

*Leo.* Ei non saprà mio fato!

*Fer.* Manto d'infamia a tessermi.

*Il Re.* [Sdegato.] Marchese!

*Fer.* Io tal non sono:

Ogni pregiato dono

Saprà calcar mio piè.

[Volgendosi ai Signori che lo circondano e che lo hanno prima insultato.]

Signori, a onor tornatemi.

Bersaglio della sorte,

Io vado incontro a morte,

E il solo nome ognor

Avrò del genitor.

*Leo.* [Nel maggior smarrimento.]

Inez, rispondi ov'è!

[Piano a Don Gaspare.]

*Gas.* [Piano a Leonora.] Inez, racchiusa in carcere!

*Leo.* [Annientata.] Or tutto è noto a me.

*Fer.* [Distaccandosi dal collo l'ordine.]

Quest'ordin venerato.

Presso d'infamia, io rendo

Il brando profanato.

De tuoi nemici! ciglio

Tanto finor tremendo.

Lo spezzo—e sai perchè!—

Sol perchè tu sei Re

Maledetta e l'ore e il giorno

Che in me cadde un tanto scorno;

Che compenso a' miei sudori!

Mi gittasti infamia ed or:

Serba, serba i tuoi tesori,

Lascia solo a me l'onor.

*Il Re.* Troppo, ah! troppo, in questo giorno

Cadde in me d'altraggio e scorno:

Trema, ingrato, i miei dolori

Tu raddoppi e il mio furor!

La vendetta che tu implori,

Nel rimorso è del mio cor.

*Leo.* Grazia, o sire! in questo giorno

Su noi cadde infausto scorno!

Nobil' alma, i tuoi furori

Sono strali pel mio cor.

La vendetta che tu implori,

Ben l'avrai ma m'odi ancor.

*Bal.* Re, sul capo in questo giorno

Ti ricadde e danno e scorno:

Del tuo manto agli splendori

Pur commisto è il disonor!

Vieni o figlio, tuoi dolori

Calma implora dal signor!

*Gas.* } Su noi cadde in questo giorno

*Cero.* } Il rimorso e insein lo scorno:

Lo spergiammo, e d'alti onori

Degno è assai quel nobil cor.

Vanne, o prode, e a' tuoi dolori

Calma implora dal signor.

[Movimento generale.—Fernando esce seguito da Baldassar; i Signori rispettosamente aprono le loro file per lasciarlo passare, e s'inchinano innanzi a lui.]

FINE DELL' ATTO TERZO

*King.* Stay! hear me, Ferdinand!

*Fer.* All now I know too late, sire.

*Leo.* Ah! knew he not before? [Surprised, aside]

*Fer.* Yes, I alone was chosen to be thy dupe.

*King.* [With anger.] Marquis!

*Fer.* [Starting.] That name I scorn—resign,

With every gift of thine;

And serve thy cause no more.

[Turns towards the Nobles who had insulted him]

Kind Lords, to your respect, oh, restore me:

A dark shade hover'd o'er me:

My shame knew I not.

Pardon! be all forgot.

I depart now for ever.

*Leo.* Inez! Inez!

*Gas.* [Aside to Leonora.] Inez is a prisoner!

*Leo.* [Overwhelmed.] Ah! then all explain'd is!

*Fer.* [Detaching his collar.]

Oh, cruel sir, take this badge—

Of disgrace 'tis the trophy! I give it back;

And this sword, too, which, in battle,

[Drawing his sword]

Zeal for thee ne'er did lack,

At thy feet I fling,

Thus, broken, mighty King!

Tyrant! I disdain thine anger—

All thy threats my soul defies;

No; I'll be thy slave no longer—

Hateful art thou in these eyes.

By the woe that thou hast given,

By the wrong to Heav'n that cries,

By her heart that thou hast broken—

Tyrant, yes, I thee despise.

*King.* [Furiously.] Ah! no more my rage forbearing,

Hence! fly! to other lands repairing.

Ho! for this insulting daring,

See that the foul traitor dies!

[Calling]

*Leo.* Ah! pardon, sire! in pity spare him!

Think conflicting passions tear him,

Lo! from reason's path they bear him—

On me let thy anger fall:

Once more to thy favor rear him—

Vengeance!—I'll sustain it all.

*Bal.* [To the King.] Peril o'er thy throne is falling—

Better thou for mercy calling,

Than with impious threat appalling.

Come! and breathe repentant sighs!

*Cho.* Alas! poor Leonora!

All must pity now thy doom;

And that thee we so insulted,

Ferdinand, the truly brave,

We regret, and pardon crave!

[General movement.—Exit Ferdinand, followed by Baldassar; the Nobles making a passage for them, and saluting them as they pass.]

END OF ACT III

## ATTO IV.

## ACT IV.

**SCENA I.**—*Il Chiostro del Convento.*—A dritta, il Portico della Chiesa—In faccia una gran Croce, sopra uno zoccolo di Marmo—Quà e là delle Tombe, e delle Croci di legno—Il dì nascente rischiara Solamente la parte scoperta del Chiostro—I primi piani sono attenuati per l'ombre gettate dai muri della Chiesa.

**BALDASSARE, Religiosi.**—Alcuni Religiosi sono prostrati appiè della Croce—altri, da lungi, scavano le loro tombe, e ad intervalli ripetono.

**Coro.** [A Fernando.]

Scaviam l'asilo ove il dolore ha tregua

**Bal.** { Splendor più belle—in ciel le stelle!

**Coro.** { De penitenti il puro cor,  
Lungi del mondo dalle procelle,  
Al nume ascenda con vivo ardor.

[I Religiosi si allontanano attraverso le arcate del Chiostro: Apellegrini entrano nella Cappella. Un solo Religioso è rimasto in piedi, immobile, col volto nascosto tra le mani; e Fernando.]

## SCENA II.—FERNANDO e BALDASSARE.

**Bal.** O fratel mio, fra poco  
Un giuramento eterno  
Alla terra t'invola e ti congiunge  
Eternamente al cielo.

**Fer.** Allor che la bufera  
Del mondo io scelsi, il porto  
Abbandonando, ben dicesti, "O figlio.  
Tu riderai": mi vedi!  
Torno a cercar la pace  
E l'oblio che qui dà la morte.

**Bal.** E vero. Su, coraggio, Fernando—  
Se Dio t'appella, a lui pensar sol dei  
Giurato appena il santo voto, è posta,  
Fra te e i pensier del mondo,  
Una tomba che porta oblio profondo.

**Fer.** Mi lasci!

**Bal.** Inoltra al tempio.  
Un novizio me attende: in questa notte  
Ei qui giungeva, misero ed infermo  
Il mio soccorso chiede.

**Fer.** Giovine ancora!

**Bal.** Nell'età più verde,  
Abbattuto, tremante, egli omai vide  
L'ultimo giorno!

**Fer.** Ah! sì, la deglia uccide.

[Baldassare prende Fernando per le mani, come per rivincere il coraggio, poi parte.]

## SCENA III.—FERNANDO, solo.

Favorita del Re! Qual nero abisso!  
Qual Mai trama infernal, la gloria mia  
Avvolse in un istante  
F'ogni speme troncò del core amante!

**SCENE I.**—*The Cloisters of a Convent.*—On the right, the Portico of the Church—In front, a large Cross, fixed in a Stone Block—In various places, Tombs and Wooden Crosses—The Rising Sun lights only those parts of the Cloisters which are in view—The foreground obscured by the shadows of the Convent Walls.

**BALTHAZAR, Pilgrims, Monks, &c.**—Some of the Monks prostrate themselves at the Cross—others, in the distance, are digging their graves, joining at intervals in the Chorus.

**Cho.** [To Ferdinand.]

We prepare a heaven, where there is no grief.

**Bal.** { Look at the stars' heav'nly splendor above!

**Cho.** { Up to them penitent prayers

Of a purified soul ascend,  
And carry back peace and happiness!

[The Pilgrims enter the Chapel as Balthazar turns to address Ferdinand, who kneels before the Cross, his face buried in his hands]

## SCENE II.—FERDINAND and BALTHAZAR.

**Bal.** An instant more, my brother,  
And a parting vow  
From this vain world will tear thee,  
And bid thee care defy.

**Fer.** This dwelling when I fled,  
Well didst thou say to me,  
"Thou wilt return": it is so—here am I!  
To seek that peace undying,  
Far from sorrow flying,  
When in the quiet grave I lie.

**Bal.** Courage, my Ferdinand!  
Think but thou'lt still be happy—  
By thy griefs o'ercome. [ther  
Yes, thy mind once resolv'd, 'twixt the world and  
Yawneth the tomb.

**Fer.** Stay; do not quit me!

**Bal.** I go into the chapel to console  
A trembling novice, who arriv'd here this hour,  
Dejected, tho' of years tender:  
He implores my aid.

**Fer.** One so young!

**Bal.** A mere child—fragile flower,  
Drooping low, by the storm early riven.  
I go to speak of comfort.

**Fer.** Ah, yes, go! Grief e'er destroyeth quickly.

[Balthazar takes Ferdinand by the hand, as if to cheer him, and goes off.]

## SCENE III.—FERDINAND, alone.

Mistress of the King! Oh, direful day!  
In what a snare infernal is all my glory  
Now engulf'd! and from my heart  
All hope of love shut out for ever!

## SPIRTO GENTIL—SPIRIT OF LIGHT. SOLO. FERDINAND.



fug-gi dal cor men-ti-ta spe-me lar-ve d'amor lar-ve d'amor fug-gite in-sie-me  
*All joy is fled Thou didst a-wak-en, Love's hope is dead, Love's hope is dead— I am for-sak-en,*

lar-ve d'amor. A te d'ac-can-to del ge-ni-to-re scor-da-va il  
*Love's hope is dead! For thee I spurned Each bond most ho-ly, From heav'n's em-*

pianto la pa-tria il ciel... don-na sie-al in tan-to a-mo-re sog-nasti il  
*turned, To trust thee sole-ly! Eas-er than fair, So false thou hast spo-ken My heart is*

co-re d'on-ta mortal ahi-mè! ahi-mè!..... Spir-to gen-til ne' so-gli-mie-!  
*bro-ken With shame and despair! Ah me! Ah me! Ah! Spir-it of light, So fond-ly court-ed,*

bril-las-ti un-di ma ti per-de-i fug-gi dal cor men-ti-ta spe-me lar-ve d'a-mor  
*Once heav'nly bright, But now de-part-ed: All joy is fled Thou didst a-wak-en, Love's hope is dead!*

lar-ve d'a-mor fug-gite in-sie-me lar-ve d'a-mor fug-git in  
*Love's hope is dead! I am for-sak-en, Love's..... hope is dead! I am for-*

sie-me lar-ve d'a-mor fug-gite in-siem fug-gite in-siem lar-ve d'a-mor....  
*sak-en, Love's hope is dead! Love's hope is dead. I am for sak-en Love's hope is dead!....*

## SCENA IV.—FERNANDO, BALDASSARE, Religiosi.

Ba. Ebben, sei presto?  
 Fer. O padre all'ara santa ti segno io già.  
 Ba. Deh vieni; e voglia Iddio  
 Rivelarsi al tuo core.

[Baldassare e Fernando entrano nella Cappella, i Religiosi li seguono in silenzio. LEONORA comparisce sotto l'abito d'un Novizio, si pone innanzi al portico della Chiesa, cercando distinguere le sembianze dei Religiosi, che passano col capo abbassato sotto i cappucci.]

## SCENA V.—LEONORA, sola.

Fernando, ah! dov'egli è? di questo chiostro  
 Egli abita là mura! in tale amanto  
 T'offendo, o Dio, ma fa che insino a lui  
 Mi sia dato inoltrar: dal rio dolore  
 Oh! come affranta io sono!  
 Presso a morir, della mia vita il dono  
 Prendi, gran Dio, ma di Fernando al piede  
 Deh! m'ottieni il perdono.

## SCENA IV.—FERDINAND, BALTHAZAR, and Monks.

Bal. Art thou ready?—Come.  
 Fer. Oh, father, to the sacred fane I will follow thee.  
 Bal. Come, then; and may Heaven  
 To thee reveal itself.

[Balthazar and Ferdinand enter the Chapel, the Monks following in silence. LEONORA appears in the habit of a Novice, and places herself before the entrance of the Church, scrutinizing the faces of the Monks, as they pass with their cowls over their heads.]

## SCENA V.—LEONORA, alone.

My Ferdinand! art thou not here?  
 This sacred cloister is still the home thou would'st  
 be seeking.  
 I cannot die contented, without to thee, love, to  
 speaking.  
 Ah, belov'd one! why dost not appear!  
 With trembling feet, oh, Ferdinand, I seek thee;  
 My heart scarce beats; I feel I cannot live.  
 I ask forgiveness, e'er my torn soul forsake me,—  
 Say, but dear Ferdinand, oh, say but thou'lt forgive

*Como—di Religiosi nella Chiesa.*

Che te, l' Eterno di sue grazie imprima  
Voto d' un' alma in santa prece assorta !

*Leo.* Che ascolto ? un voto che dall' ara sorge i  
E vola al cielo.

*Caro* Udite voi del monte sulla cima  
Voce dell' angelo che salute appor-ta ?

*Leo.* Oh ! qual sarà quest' alma  
Che si toglie alla terra ?

*Fer.* Io mi consacro al culto tuo, signor !  
Vieni, e d' un raggio illumina il mio cor.

*Leo.* E desso, è desso !  
Perduto al mondo ! egli ritorna a Dio !  
Fuggiam da queste soglie—ohimè ! nol posso !  
La morte il cor m' agghiaccia !

[*Falls at the foot of the Cross.*]

SCENA VI.—LEONORA ; FERNANDO.

*Fer.* [*Ecco agitato dalla Chiesa* | I voti miei  
Fur pronunziati ! e, mal mio grado, io sento  
Terror segreto in l' agitato spirito.  
Io fuggi dall' altare.

*Leo.* [*Tentando levarsi*] Oh, Dio ! qual pena !  
Qual freddo ! ohimè !

*Fer.* [*Guardando intorno.*] Che ascolto ?  
Un infelice al suol ! [*Avvicinandosi.*] Deh ! ti rincora.  
E desso !

*Fer.* [*Rinculando con orrore.*] Oh, Dio !

*Leo.* [*Supplichevole.*] Non maledetto !

*CHORUS—of Monks in the Church.*

May ev'ry good blessing upon thee shower,  
And in thy heart the light of mercy pour.

*Leo.* What hear I ! Pious vows which from the altar  
Fly towards Heaven.

*Cho.* [*Outside.*] Hear you from yon mountain's summit  
An angel's voice, which bringeth greeting ?

*Leo.* Ah, whose is this soul  
Which tears itself from the earth ?

*Fer.* [*Outside.*] To thy service I consecrate myself, O Lord  
Come, shed Thy rays into my heart.

*Leo.* 'Tis he, Fernando !  
Lost to the world, he's fled to God !  
Oh ! let me quit this spot—alas ! I cannot !  
With deathly chillness congeals my heart !

[*Falls at the foot of the Cross*]

SCENE VI.—LEONORA ; FERDINAND.

*Fer.* [*Entering from the Church in an agitated state.*] My vows  
I have pronounc'd ; yet, in spite of mo, I feel  
A secret terror in my agitated spirit.  
I've flown from the altar.

*Leo.* [*Imploringly.*] Oh, God ! what pain !  
These chills ! Alas !

*Fer.* [*Looking around.*] What do I hear ?  
A suffering wretch ! Ah ! let me aid him !  
'Tis he !

*Fer.* [*Recoiling with horror.*] Oh, Heaven !

*Leo.* Forgiveness I entreat !

AH ! VA T'INVOLA—THESE CLOISTERS FLY. SOLO. FERDINAND.

*Allegro.*

Ah ! va, t'in vo-la ! e ques - ta ter - - - ra ! Più non pro - fa - ni il rio tuo  
These clois - ters fly ! oh, fly for ev - - - er ! What cru - el star hath lit thee

pie ! Fa che lo tranquill - lo scen-da sot - ter - ra, Non ma - le - det - to al par di  
here ! A - way ! and let these eyes, ah, now - er, Be - hold that fa - tal beau - ty

to ! Non ma - le - det - to al par di to ! Nel - le sue sa - le il Re t'a - pel - la,  
near ! Now - er that fa - tal beau - ty be - hold ! A - way ! a - way ! hence to thy pal - ace ;

D'o - ro e d'in - fa - mia, D'o - ro e d'in - fa - mia ti co - - - pri - rà ;— Al fi -  
He doth in - vite thee— His gild - ed crown a - waits thy brow ;— Love like

an - co suo sa - rai più bel - la : Tuo no - me in - fa - me ognor sa - rà ! Al fi - an - co suo sa rai più  
his can a - lone de - light thee : Go, tempt - er, are I curse thee— go ! Love like his now a - lone de -

bel - la, Tuo tuo no - me in - fa me ! in - fa - me, Tuo no - me in - fa - me og -  
lights thee : Go, thou false one ! Go, thou tempt - er, Thou tempt - er, are I



*Leo.* Infra i ghiacci, le rupi, i sterpi, i sassi,  
 Ognor pregando, al chiostro tuo mi trassi.

*Fer.* O tu che m' ingannasti,  
 Che pretendi da me?

*Leo.* D' ambo sul capo un solo error ricade.  
 Saperai che il nero arcano a te svelato  
 Inez avesse e il tuo per lon sperai.  
 Credimi, non si mente sull' orlo della tomba.  
 Infino a te, Fernando,  
 Non giunse il messo, e fu celato il vero.  
 O Ciel! Fernando, il tuo perdono io spero.

*Leo.* A sigh at every step, I have sought this holy dwell  
 ing;  
 My soul is pierced with grief—my heart sadly swell  
 ing!

*Fer.* Oh, cause of all my pain,  
 Why com'st thou here again?

*Leo.* Oh, believe me, I die! I meant not to deceive thee;  
 Methought that Inez had to thee the truth reveal'd,  
 Had told my story all: wrong me not! I nought  
 conceal'd.  
 I swear 'tis true! thy blessing give, ere the tomb re  
 ceive me.  
 By these tears—on my knees—oh, believe me!  
 Oh, Ferdinand, in pity,  
 Crush not my only hope!

CLEMENTE AL PAR DI DIO—DEAR FERDINAND, THIS HEART IS BREAKING.

SOLO. LEONORA

*Larghetto.*



*Fer.* A quell' affanno, a quell' accento  
 Sente ahimè! stemprarsi il cor!  
 O giusto Dio su me discendi,  
 Rendi all' alma il suo vigor.

*Leo.* A tanto duolo se non t' arrendi,  
 Io morirò più trista ancor.

*Fer.* Addio, fuggir mi lascia.

*Leo.* Disarma il tuo furor.  
 Ah! di mai cruda ambascia!  
 Pietà del mio dolor.  
 Al mio duolo, al mio spavento  
 Di confortò un solo accento!

*Fer.* Her tears, her voice, my soul subduing;  
 Tumult arise in every vein;  
 Fly, tempter! turn me not again!  
 Thy spell is broken past renewing.

*Leo.* Nay, hear my voice, once, once so loved -  
 Death's chill hand is here—pressing on my heart.

*Fer.* Farewell! I hence must fly!

*Leo.* Ah, do not spurn me;  
 Have compassion with the bitter pang  
 That suffocate my heart;  
 Hast thou not a word of comfort  
 For my despairing soul?

**Fer.** Per tuo padre ei fia concesso,  
Per la morte a cui son presso,  
Fia men crudo il mio dolore,  
Per l'amor de' lieti dì.  
**Leo.** Giusto cielo! il mio furore  
Come foglio inaridi!  
Tua mercede alfin mi dona,  
O mi spingi nell' avel.

**Fer.** Ah! Leonora! Iddio perdona.  
**Leo.** E tu dunque?  
**Fer.** Io t' amo!  
**Leo.** Oh, ciel!

Grant it to me for thy father's sake, —  
Kindly remembering the love you bore in —  
The hand of death is upon me:  
Wouldst thou let me die without a kindly word?  
**Fer.** Just heaven! Rekindling in my heart  
Is all the love I once bore her.  
**Leo.** Show me mercy, Ferdinand,  
Or trample me beneath thy feet!

*[Throwing herself prostrate before him]*  
**Fer.** Ah! Leonora! Heaven forgiveth.  
**Leo.** Not thou?  
**Fer.** I love thee!  
**Leo.** Oh, Heaven!

VIENI AH! VIENI—JOY ONCE MORE FILLS MY BREAST. AIR. FERDINAND.

*Moderato.*

Vie - ni, ah! vie - ni, Io m'ab-ban-do - no; Al - la gio - ja che m'in-  
Joy, joy once more fills my breast! Thro' each pulse now 'tis flow - ing; Near to thee, dear-est,  
e - bria, Del mio cor t'è re - so li tro - no To - co al - la - to io vo'  
gloss - ing, Now my soul is at rest, is at rest! Near to thee, dear - est,  
mo - rir, Co - me lam - po! Sor - ge all' a - ni - ma, U - na  
gloss - ing, These I love, thee I love! Ah, yes! I hear a sweet voice, A sweet  
vo - ce ed un pen - sie - ro: Fug - gi, as - con - di al mon-do in  
voices to this heart soft - ly sweet - ing. Yes, yes, oh - er lands we'll be  
te - ro La tua vi - ta, il tuo; La tua vi - ta il tuo gloir!  
seek - ing— There our hearts can re - joice; Ah! there our hearts can re - joice!

**Leo.** È fia vero? io m' abbandono  
Alla gioja che m' inebria!  
Del suo cor m'è reso il trono,  
Pago appieno è il mio desir.  
Ma risponder non sa l' anima  
A tua voce, al tuo pensiero?  
Deh nascondi al mondo intero  
La mia vita, il mio morir.  
**Fer.** Fuggiam, fuggiamo insieme.  
**Leo.** Ah! taci, è vana speme.  
**Leo.** *[De' Religiosi nella Chiesa.]*  
Che te l'Eterno di sue grazie imprima  
Voto d'un' alma in senta prece assorta!  
**Leo.** Quel concento odi tu?

*[A Fernando.]*

**Fer.** Fuggiamo.  
**Leo.** E il cielo che ti parla.  
**Fer.** Fuggiamo: in te riposto  
Mio fato è sol, deh! vien.  
**Leo.** Pensa a' tuoi voti.  
**Fer.** Or più forte è l'amor: per possederati  
Io tutto affronterò, la terra e il cielo.

**Leo.** Is it then true? I abandon myself  
To the joy which fills me with ecstasy  
I have regained my place in his heart;  
My fondest wish has been granted.  
Ah, why cannot my soul respond  
To thy beloved voice, to thy consoling words?  
But to the world ever dark must remain  
The course of my life, this blissful death.

**Fer.** Come, let us fly! Let's fly together!  
**Leo.** Ah! Forbear thee! 'Tis an idle hope!

**Cho.** *[Of Monks outside.]*  
May the Eternal in his mercy listen  
To his servants, in prayer united!

**Leo.** Hear'st thou that chant?  
**Fer.** Let's fly!

**Leo.** It is Heaven which claims thee!  
**Fer.** Fly with me! In thee repositeth  
My fate, my faith! Come, hence!

**Leo.** Think of thy vows!  
**Fer.** What are they to my love? To possess thee  
I would brave earth and Heaven.

*Leo.* [*Sentendo mancare sempre più.*]

Ah! del nume il favor, dal nero abisso  
Ecco ti salva, addio! poter supremo  
Ti risparmia un delitto, ah! di mia sorte  
Io non mi lagno. Iddio, Fernando, il vuole  
Dell'onta—alfin ti lavo.  
Colla morte.

*Fer.* Fuggiam.

*Leo.* E vano, è vano!

*Fer.* O ciel! Leonora!

*Leo.* Io muojo perdonata.

Fernando! e son, beata, oltre la tomba

Riuniti sarein, addio!

*Fer.* Leonora!

Al soccorso! al soccorso! E la mia voce

Che ti richiama, i lumi ancor dischiudi,

[*Piegandosi sul cadavere.*]

Son io, son io tuo sposo! ah! tutto è indarno!

[*Muore.*]

SCENA ULTIMA.—LEONORA distesa in terra—FERDINANDO.—BALDASSARE, che esce dalla Chiesa seguito dai Religiosi.

*Fer.* Oh! padre! è dessa! Mira, Leonora!

*Bal.* Oh! che vegg'io! Silenzio!

[*Si avvicina a Leonora, ed abbassa il cappuccio su de' suoi capelli sparsi. Poi volgendosi ai Religiosi.*]

Più non è! Spento è il novizio.

Le vostre preci a lui fratelli! [*Tutti si prostrano.*]

*Fer.* Dio! diman la stessa prece anch'io!

*Leo.* [*Nearly overcome by weakness.*]

May the grace of God save you  
From this dark abyss! Farewell! The supreme King  
Has granted me one more delight, and I complain not  
Of my fate. Heaven, my Ferdinand, hath will'd it so  
I leave thee—free of shame—by my death—

*Fer.* Let us fly!

*Leo.* It is too late, too late!

*Fer.* What say you, Leonora?

*Leo.* I die, assured of thy forgiveness.

Unstained I enter the tomb.

We shall be reunited, Ferdinand! Farewell!

[*She dies*]

*Fer.* Leonora!

Help! Help! It is thy Ferdinand's voice

Which calls thee! Open thine eyes once more!

[*Kneels over the corpse*]

It is I, Ferdinand!—It is in vain!

SCENE THE LAST.—LEONORA on the ground—FERDINANDO.—BALHAZAR, followed by Monks, enters from the Church.

*Fer.* Oh father! 'tis she! 'Tis she, Leonora!

*Bal.* What do I see! Hush thee!

[*He approaches Leonora, and draws the cover over her dishevelled hair.*]

The novice is no more. His breath has fled.

Pray for his soul, my brethren! [*All kneel*]

*Fer.* By to-morrow my soul too will want your prayers!

THE END.



# Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by *Italic* letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (\*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

## A—G

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
<b>Africaine, L'</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	<b>Don Giovanni</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
<b>Aida</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	<b>Don Pasquale</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>*Amico Fritz, L' (Friend Fritz)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	<b>*Dorothy</b>		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
<b>Armide</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>	<b>Elisire d'amore, I'</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	<b>*Erminie</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Edward Jakobowski</i>
<b>Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	<b>Ernani</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
<b>Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	<b>Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
<b>Belle Hélène, La</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	<b>Fatinitza</b>		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
<b>Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)</b>		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	<b>Faust</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
<b>*Billee Taylor</b>		<i>Edward Solomon</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	do.
<b>*Boccaccio</b>		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>	<b>Favorita, La</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>Bohemian Girl, The</b>		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>	<b>Fidelio</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>L. van Beethoven</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the Regiment)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
<b>Carmen</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Georges Bizet</i>	<b>Fille de Madame Angot, La</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
<b>Cavalleria Rusticana</b>	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	<b>Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)</b>	<i>G.</i>	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
<b>Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)</b>		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	<b>Fleur de Thé</b>	<i>F.</i>	<i>F. Hervé (Ronger)</i>
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do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	Roméo et Julietta	<i>F.</i>	Charles Gounod
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Lucrezia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	do.	Semiramide	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
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Maritana		Wm. Vincent Wallace	Sonnambula, La	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	W. A. Mozart	*Sorcerer, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Martha	<i>I.</i>	Friedrich von Flotow	*Spectre Knight, The		Alfred Cellier
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